

The Golden Age of Boxing was closely interwoven with the story of the National Sporting Club which saw the making of much ring history.

The story is told to "Good Morning" readers exclusively by  
**W. H. MILLIER**



FRED SNITE, HIS WIFE AND BABY.

## FROM THE ASHES OF THE PRIZE RING — THE N.S.C.

*I get around*

By RONALD RICHARDS

AS the name of the old National Sporting Club will crop up frequently, it will be more satisfactory to give a short history of the building in which so many famous ring battles were staged. The house in King Street, Covent Garden, has been the scene of many historic events.

Covent Garden derives its name from the fact that the area was the garden of the Convent belonging to the Abbot of Westminster. There is a stone set into the brickwork which bears the date 1636. The first occupier was William Alexander, Earl of Sterling; and the Piazza, which are still to be seen, became the haunts of the fashionable Lotharios of the period.

Some time later it became the town house of Sir Kenelm Digby, son of the Digby who was one of the moving spirits in the Gunpowder Plot, which has handed down to all youngsters Guy Fawkes' Day. This early exponent of the art of uplift was hanged, drawn and quartered at the West End of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Sir Kenelm Digby, as was his father, became a renowned swordsman. He was also something of an experimental chemist and had a laboratory built at King Street. It sounds as if he also had a few bats in his belfry, for it is recorded that he invented a cure for sword wounds which consisted of ignoring the wound and anointing the sword with his magic potion.

The most notable resident of all followed Sir Kenelm. This was the Earl of Orford, better known as Admiral Russell, who in 1692 defeated Admiral de Tourville at the battle of La Hogue. It was at his house that the first Cabinet Council was formed. A frequent visitor to Russell's was Wharton, one of the Cabinet Councillors, who was said to have had the first stud of racehorses in the Kingdom. His delight was to win Plates from Tories.

Louis XIV offered him one thousand pistoles for one of his horses. A pistole was the Spanish quid of that period, in case you don't know.

### The first Hotel

Some seventy years after Admiral Russell had gone to join his forebears, an enterprising host by the name of David Low converted the building into an hotel. It was the first hotel in London, and had accommodation for 100 noblemen and stabling for 100 horses. The building can be seen in Hogarth's "Night and Morning."

It later became known as Evans' Hotel, Supper Rooms and Music Hall. Some of the entertainments have been preserved by Thackeray in "The Newcomes."

The National Sporting Club opened here in 1890. The splendid staircase, made from timbers of the *Britannia*, the 100-gun flagship of Admiral Russell, was still there, perfectly preserved; the last time I trod them with just a twinge of heartache, knowing that this historic building had been sold, lock, stock and barrel.

On many occasions, when

talking over the golden hours that made A. F. Bettinson one of the most interesting talkers I ever knew when the great subject was boxing, he used to curse the day when commercialism crept into the sport. He must have feared, perhaps, that one day it would mean the end of the National Sporting Club. I am glad that he never lived to see it sold.

As I passed the building the other day and noted the disfigurement of the facade caused by bomb-splinters, I was reminded of Peggy Bettinson's hatred of Germans. An incident during the 1914-18 dust-up is sufficient to illustrate this. One of the members had brought an acquaintance of his to the Club. Bettinson heard a man raising his voice, and as it was a harsh, guttural voice, and, to his ears, unmistakably German, it was as a red rag to a bull.

### Threw him out

Ignoring all the niceties of behaviour, Peggy, in an infuriated manner, asked who the hell had had the blazing effrontery to bring a bloody German into the Club. Without waiting for any reply, he pitched the foreigner into the street, and no doubt felt all the better for having done his good deed for the day. (I have often wondered whether the supposed German might not have been a Dutchman.)

Now, you may rightly guess that Bettinson was British to his marrow-bones. He was.

Imagine, then, his rage, righteous indignation and disgust when, early in the last war, the police called on him and took him to headquarters for enquiries at the instigation of the Aliens Office. Were any of his ancestors German? Not this side of William the Conqueror. Did he have any German connections? Certainly not. Trade with the enemy? The only trading he had done was to

bombarded his way to the amateur light-weight championship. What has this to do with it all? Oh, it just happened that his club was known as the German Gymnastic Society.

In truth may the glamour girls from Hollywood continue to say, "We think your police are marvellous."

Bettinson was a great boxer in his day. Like many another outstanding amateur (they crop up occasionally in a generation), it was said of him that he could have beaten half the professionals of his time. Boxing was his prime interest in life, and he gathered about him kindred spirits. Each had a story worth listening to, and I count the numerous nights when bed saw me not; fleeting hours well spent.

### Famous Monday nights

Monday night was N.S.C. night in those days, the reason for choosing Monday being that usually there was no racing on the first working day of the week. The Ring and the Turf have been married, if not "churched," for as long as the twin sports have been known. The numerous offspring from this mating have indeed been more varied than the colours in a rainbow.

In the old Prize Ring days, most of the famous bare-knuckle fights were pitched adjacent to a racecourse, and generally held on the day prior to the opening of the meeting.

It was from the ashes of the Prize Ring that professional boxing raised its touselled head, and I have no hesitation in saying that no man did more to bring boxing to the highest degree of, shall I say, respectability (I loathe the word) than Arthur Frederick Bettinson, known to all the world of sport as "Peggy."

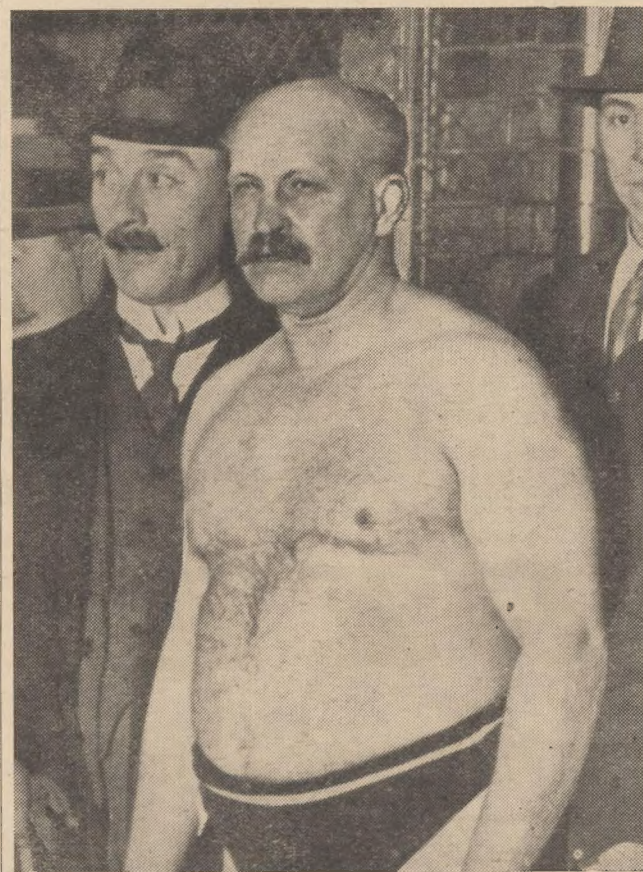
His name was known well enough, but few people knew him really well. It is not always wise to assess a house by its austere exterior. There may be warmth and comfort within. Peggy Bettinson had a forbidding manner to some people, and to the importunate smirk of the period he had a very short answer that was final and conclusive.

I have at one moment seen Peggy politely tell some great personage, great, that is to say, in the estimation of the person concerned, to go to hell; and a second later address himself in the soothing accents a mother uses to her child to some poor, broken-down pug who probably hadn't fourpence to call his own.

### When 'Peggy' said 'No'

Accommodation in the N.S.C. theatre was never enough to satisfy half the would-be spectators on a big night. With seats at a premium, I have seen Bettinson give a short "No" to people who would have emptied their pockets to gain admission while he went through his time-honoured ritual of going to the back entrance in Floral Street and admitting to the stage all the heterogeneous collection of cauliflower-eared gentry free of charge.

If Peggy said "No" to any tin-eared guy, you can be sure that that gentleman had at



Peggy Bettinson, Managing Director of the N.S.C., in addition to being a fighter in every sense of the word, was a keen swimmer.

some time or other brought disgrace upon his profession.

There were times when even the flooring holding the stage began to give ominous creaks and groans. It was then, and only then, that Peggy would regretfully refuse to allow any more of his thick-eared friends to enter. Even so, he would explain to those left out in the cold that they would be the first on the list next time, and he always kept his word.

It was Peggy Bettinson who started the Boxers' Benevolent Fund. Long years before any public appeal was made the Benevolent Fund was very private. It came out of Peggy's own pocket, and few, other than the recipients, knew anything about it.

The most important fight of the season used to be saved up for the Monday of Derby Week, and all the sporting celebrities who could get there from the farthest ends of the earth would collect on such nights.

When most of the good citizens were snoring peacefully in sleep and the members and their guests had departed, a number of blithe spirits would remain in the Club, some to hold their various inquests on the fight, others to hold something like an Irish wake on the demise of their hopes (their champion having been the one who lost the fight), and a few more to swap stories and assuage a thirst that never could be cured.

### Showing the Punch

It was all very jolly, even when an argument arose as to which was the particular punch

that had decided the big issue. In the end Bettinson would be appealed to for his ruling on the matter. He would look across at me and say, "Come on, Millier. Let's show 'em what really happened." I'll confess that I had aspired to many weird and wonderful things up to that time, but to be a punching bag wasn't one of them.

Peggy Bettinson in his merry mood was almost as dangerous as when in his win-or-be-slaughtered mood, and when I tell you that he was ambidextrous and could land a punch that would make a mule's kick feel like a pat from a puppy's paw, you may well imagine how strongly I felt that it would have been better had I been a good boy and gone home early.

Still, luckily for me, Nature had endowed me with a reaction to the tiniest twitch of a muscle that signalled what was coming, and there wasn't any machine then fast enough to measure it. Never did a Jerry bomber jink faster away from flak and night-fighters than I did in dodging Peggy's playful pile-drivers.

I made sure that I didn't stop any with my dial, and he couldn't reach down far enough to hit me in the belly. In apologising for this personal intrusion, I excuse myself with the remark that I think it helps to depict the many sides to the remarkable character of a man who has left his imprint on the boxing game for the game's own good, as I may be able to illustrate hereafter.

THE most heartening other-than-war news I have heard recently was of Fred Snite, the iron lung man, and son of an American millionaire.

From his hospital I hear that his wife and daughter had the joy of seeing him lifted from the iron lung that has encased him for seven years. For eight hours a day he is permitted to be out of the lung, and although he cannot walk, he manages to totter from one bed to another.

When he is out of his automatic breather he has to wear a respirator attached to his chest. His doctors say that it will take another seven years to complete the cure.

IF you are writing to your pal Smith who is serving in the Middle East (you must have a friend there because there are five thousand and one), you had better be very careful to put the regimental number, or your news will be history before the right guy gets it.

This figure I quote from the Middle East Army Post Office index card, which records such statistics.

Of these thousands of Smiths, fifty of them were christened William George.

Every day, I was told, about ten thousand letters were handled by the "untraceable" department. Most letters eventually get to their destination, though.

SOMETHING of a revolution is expected when the next General Election comes, a Lobby correspondent friend informs me.

Judging by recent by-elections, it is certain that many younger candidates will be elected. At present there are 14 women in the House, to 601 men.

The average age of M.P.s is high, and there is a surprising number between 60 and 80, many of whom would have retired by now had not the war prolonged the life of this Parliament.

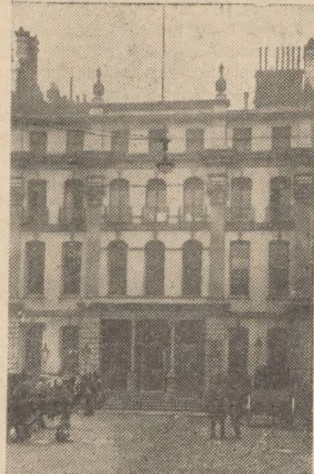
Captain George Grey, the Liberal, is, at the age of 24, the youngest Member.

IN Essex, tattooing is becoming a flourishing business. A.T.S. girls are overworking tattoo artists with such orders as "Mother" or their sweetheart's name, which they have electrically tattooed on their bodies.

I fear this will have a bad effect on the tattooed ladies' businesses.

IN the "Britannia" at Richmond I enquired of Lord Tommy Hogg whether or not his tortoise, "Piggy," was still racing. Sadly he told me his champion had died of heart trouble. You may remember the first tortoise race at Richmond Green about a year before the war. The only entries were Tommy Hogg's "Piggy" and "Olly," a streamlined beauty owned by Miss Olive Sloane, the West End cabaret star. "Olly" won the event by a length. The recorded time for the ten-yard course was 28 minutes 15 seconds.

At the passing of his tortoise, Tommy took up duck-breeding, and his popular "Donald" is the pride of Richmond Green.



The National Sporting Club, Covent Garden.

trade punches well and truly with any member of the Germanic nation game enough to try.

I suppose we ought to term this interrogation the thirty-third degree. Thirty-three years earlier, in the same year that the British Navy bombarded Alexandria, Peggy Bettinson



## Periscope Page

### WANGLING WORDS—27

1. Rearrange the following letters to make a word:—A A A C C E I H N U P
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: ASININE, CELLERY, ATHWART, PROGENY?
3. Can you change COMB into HAIR, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: CORK into VASE, WIND into TYRE, MAST into ROPE.
4. How many three-letter words can you make out of the word TOTALITARIAN? And how many four-letter words?

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 26

1. CARES, becomes CARESS.
2. MACADAM, DISBELIEVE.
3. TEARS, SEARS, STARS, STARE, STALE, STILE, SMILE.
4. MOAN, MORN, MORE, MIRE, MINE, WINE, WING, SING, RAT, FAT, FIT, FIX, FOX, SOAP, SLAP, FLAP, FLAT, FEAT, FEET, FEED, WEED, WELD.
44. Barb, Cart, Coat, Boat, Tone, Beat, Barn, Care, Core, etc.

There never was a bad man that had ability for good service.

Edmund Burke  
(1729-1797).



THE monotonous beating of the rain overhead began to exert a drowsy influence upon the men, who, throwing themselves here and there upon the large war-canoes, after chatting awhile, all fell asleep.

This was the opportunity we desired, and Toby and I availed ourselves of it at once, by stealing out of the canoe-house, and plunging into the depths of an extensive grove that was in its rear. After ten minutes' rapid progress, we gained an open space, from which we could just descry the ridge we intended to mount looming dimly through the mists of the tropical shower, and distant from us, as we esti-

### MISSING WORDS



Working from the circumference to the centre of the circle, can you find the eight five-letter words? Here are the clues:—

1. "Ha, ha," said the —.
2. Short prayer.
3. A vassal.
4. Male duck.
5. It's very sharp.
6. A useful tool.
7. It keeps your back up.
8. Old Mother —?

But it was no time to pause, when at any moment we might be surprised by a body of the savages, and forced at the very outset to relinquish our undertaking.

Since leaving the canoe-house we had scarcely exchanged a single syllable with one another, but when we entered a second narrow opening in the wood, and again caught sight of the ridge before us, I took Toby by the arm, and pointing along its sloping outline to the lofty heights at its extremity, said, in a low tone, "Now, Toby, not a word, nor a glance backward, till we stand on the summit of yonder mountain; so no more lingering, but let us shove ahead while we

By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

mated, something more than a mile.

Our direct course towards it lay through a rather populous part of the bay; but desirous as we were of evading the natives, and securing an unmolested retreat to the mountains, we determined, by taking a circuit through some extensive thickets, to avoid their vicinity altogether.

The heavy rain that still continued to fall without intermission, favoured our enterprise, as it drove the islanders into their houses, and prevented any casual meeting with them.

Our heavy frocks soon became completely saturated with water, and by their weight, and that of the articles we had concealed beneath them, not a little impeded our progress.

can, and in a few hours' time we may laugh aloud. You are the lightest and the nimblest, so lead on, and I will follow."

"All right, brother," said Toby, "quick's our play, only let's keep close together, that's all"; and, so saying, with a bound like a young roe, he cleared a brook which ran across our path, and rushed forward with a quick step.

When we arrived within a short distance of the ridge, we were stopped by a mass of tall yellow reeds, growing together as thickly as they could stand, and as tough and stubborn as so many rods of steel; and we perceived, to our chagrin, that they extended midway up the elevation we proposed to ascend.

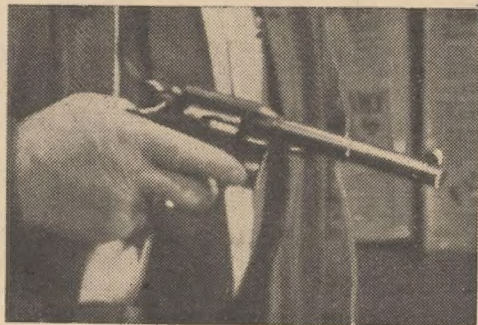
For a moment we gazed about us in quest of a more practicable

### JANE



## THREE-MINUTE THRILLER

By NIGEL MORLAND



### Frame-up

ma'am." Petter began. "The bell rang, and I went to the door, as I am the only servant on duty. The door was thrust back and a man in glasses burst in, pushed me aside, and shot Sir Thomas. He ran out before I could stop him."

"Know the man?" There was a long and uneasy silence. Mrs. Pym repeated her question.

John Leggatt shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "I never bringing trouble—" "Never mind that. Know the man?"

"Perhaps I can explain?" Petter interrupted. "The man's name is Logan. He used to be Sir Thomas's secretary; he was dismissed for quarrelling and for striking Mr. John..."

When Logan was interviewed he could offer no alibi for the time of the murder, protesting helplessly that he was not guilty. In Vine Street Charge Room he faced Mrs. Pym after his examination, taking off his glasses to wipe his damp face. He peered short-sightedly at her with such distress in his eyes that she compassionately waited for him to replace the glasses, and demanded his story all over again in case she could find something useful.

Revenge was a likely enough motive, yet it did not seem to fit Logan. He had cer-

tainly disliked John Leggatt, and had lost his quick temper with Sir Thomas when he had been dismissed. Just the same, murder did not seem a justified conclusion.

Mrs. Pym returned to the house and insisted on the details being repeated in careful sequence.

"You say Logan burst in after ringing the bell, thrust you aside, and then fired at Sir Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am," Petter answered. "It must've been over in about fifteen seconds."

"Thank you, Petter." Mrs. Pym walked round the room.

"Hot, isn't it?" "Sir Thomas had lived in Africa. He liked plenty of warmth. We've got American steam-heating, and good it is, too."

"Have you? Now, Petter, I want the truth."

(Solution on Page 3)

## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



### DAMASCUS THROUGH THE ARCH.

They don't change much in the Holy Land. This view in Damascus might have been taken in almost any century; and the man leading the donkey, on which his wife and child are riding, is reminiscent of Joseph and Mary. Even the two men in the shadow of the arch, bargaining about the bird and cage, are doing what has been done for generations in just that way. And the gutter in the centre of the street is still needing some repairing—all true to type in the changeless land.

route; it was, however, at once apparent that there was no resource but to pierce this thicket of canes at all hazards. We now reversed our order of march, I, being the heaviest, taking the lead, with a view of breaking a path through the obstruction, while Toby fell into the rear.

Two or three times I endeavoured to insinuate myself between the canes, and, by dint of coaxing and bending them, to make some progress; but a bull-frog might as well have tried to work a passage through the teeth of a comb, and I gave up the attempt in despair.

Half wild with meeting an

## QUIZ for today



1. What are cloves?
2. Who wrote an essay on roast pig?
3. What is a dik-dik?
4. One of these words is not in the Bible; which is it: Private, Soldier, Shun, Trench, Ranks, Promote, Rifle, Shoot?
5. What is meant by "according to Cocker"?
6. Why is antimony so called?
7. What is a Cremona?
8. How did the pound (in money) get its name?
9. Whence do we get the word "dixie"?
10. Who said, "All the world's a stage"?
11. How many leap years will there be in the 20th century?
12. Where is Gogmagog Hill?

### Answer to Quiz in No. 63

1. Ullswater.
2. One ten-millionth of the distance from the Equator to the Pole.
3. Tiles.
4. Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, Daffodil.
5. A seaweed used in making jelly.
6. (a) One of Robert Burns' friends, (b) a play by Barrie.
7. Monmouth, Hereford, Shropshire, Cheshire.
8. The old name for Birmingham was Bromwicham, or "Brummagem."
9. Five shillings; rhyming slang for "dollar."
10. Pickled buds of a flowering shrub.
11. The Dormouse.
12. Wild daisies.

### Solution to Hidden Aircraft Puzzle in No. 63.

1. Stirling.
2. Mosquito.
3. Blenheim.
4. Spitfire.
5. Magister.
6. Lysander.
7. Catalina.
8. Fortress.

obstacle we had so little anticipated, I threw myself desperately against it, crushing to the ground the canes with which I came in contact, and, rising to my feet again, repeated the action with like effect.

Twenty minutes of this violent exercise almost exhausted me, but it carried us some way into the thicket; when Toby, who had been reaping the benefit of my labours by following close at my heels, proposed to become pioneer in turn, and accordingly passed ahead with a view of affording me a respite from my exertions. As, however, with his slight frame he made but bad work of it, I was soon obliged to resume my old place again.

On we toiled, the perspiration starting from our bodies in floods, our limbs torn and lacerated with the splintered fragments of the broken canes, until we had proceeded perhaps as far as the middle of the brake, when suddenly it ceased raining, and the atmosphere around us became close and sultry beyond expression.

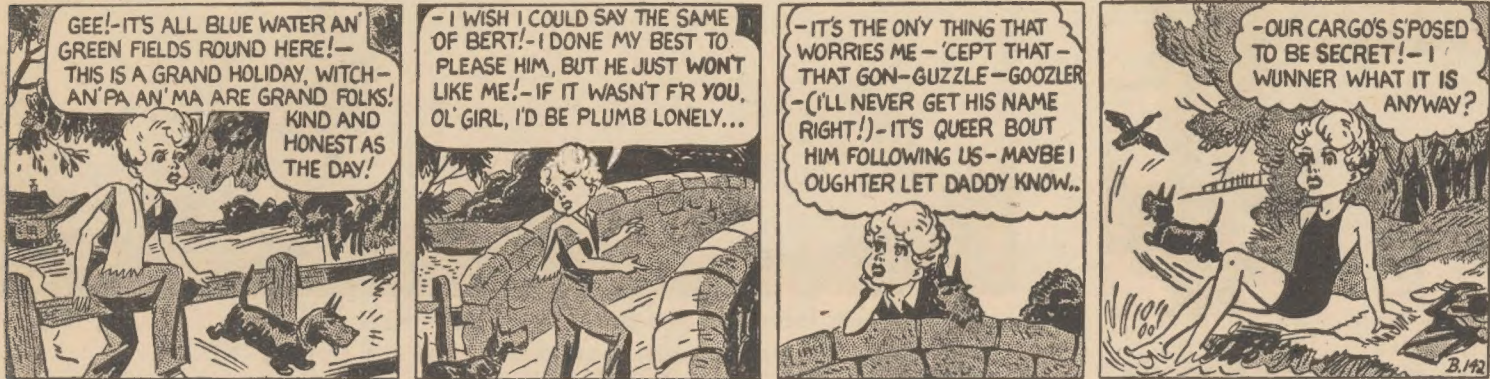
Continued on Page 3.



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Left Rule To be Right

By MARTIN THORNHILL

WHEN Pope Alexander VI held his Jubilee in Rome 450 years ago, he marked the function by a proclamation that all pedestrians must from then on pass one another left-hand to left-hand.

In the brave days before guardianship of the peace became the primary concern of the State, everybody's first thought was self-protection.

Most male citizens carried a dagger, which they wore on the right side; passing right to right, it was a simple proceeding to draw it, stab a man as he passed, and replace the weapon without being seen.

But the Pope's left-to-left rule made the witnessing of such an act a virtual certainty, and therefore gradually put an end to the pretty practice. Many English people attended the Rome ceremony, bringing the regulation back to Britain, where it has been enforced ever since.

To-day's danger is swift-moving traffic. As some protection, attempts were made to re-establish the old rule; by walking on the kerb side of the pavement, pedestrians would face oncoming road traffic instead of turning the back to it. But a deep-rooted 400-year-old habit is hard to break, and the endeavour failed.

ON THE ROAD.

Origin of the right-to-right rule of the road, as distinct from that of the pavement, is just as old. In England, horses were, as now, driven from the box instead of, postilion fashion, from the horse's back.

Most people are right-handed, and, carrying his whip in his right hand, a driver couldn't use it freely without giving frequent back-handers to a companion if seated on his right.

So it was customary for drivers to occupy the right-hand seat. From that position, too, the driver could more easily measure the distance between his own right wheel and that of a passing vehicle.

On the Continent, carriages were driven by postillions riding on the rear, not the off, horse; that's what started the left-hand to left-hand rule, which still persists there.

What about America? When the New World was framing its traffic regulations, there was a rooted objection to imitating English customs, and this led to that country's adoption of the Continental plan rather than ours.

The fact that it has always been customary to mount a saddle horse from the rear side is further confirmation of the antiquity of the left-of-the-road driving in Britain.

By holding his horse's bridle as he mounted on the rear side, a horseman was able to control his steed in face of the traffic coming straight at him from his right. His sword, too, would be badly in the way if he climbed into the saddle from the off side.

When waggoners led their horses, as was often the case, they did so with the right hand; thus they also fell into line with the established plan of keeping their charges headed away from the traffic, which always came towards them from the right.

BY THE RIGHT.

It is often argued that, as there is a natural tendency to "make to the right," it would be wiser to give way to this proclivity and to shape our traffic rules accordingly. It is true that involuntary movement is right-handed—unhindered, a walker will always veer towards his right, eventually travelling round in a rough circle.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

The elasticity of the reeds quickly recovering from the temporary pressure of our bodies, caused them to spring back to their original

SOLUTION TO THREE-MINUTE THRILLER.

The valet was not proof against Mrs. Pym's blunt, unorthodox methods, and explained in the end how John Leggatt had quarrelled furiously with his father over money, and, in a fit of temper, had pulled a gun from a drawer and fired.

Petter saw his chance, constructing a plot that would blame Logan and ensure Leggatt paying blackmail for the rest of his life.

"You're a fool, Petter," Mrs. Pym told him, after he and Leggatt were charged. "Logan wears glasses because he's very short-sighted. If he'd've dashed out of that freezing street into your hot-house his glasses would have steamed up before he could see to fire. You didn't say he took them off, or even wiped them—you should have thought of that as well!"

position, so that they closed in upon us as we advanced, and prevented the circulation of the little air which might otherwise have reached us. Besides this, their great height completely shut us out from the view of surrounding objects, and we were not certain but that we might have been going all the time in a wrong direction.

Fatigued with my long-continued efforts, and panting for breath, I felt myself completely incapacitated for any further exertion. I rolled up the sleeve of my frock, and squeezed the moisture it contained into my parched mouth. But the few drops I managed to obtain gave me little relief, and I sank down for a moment with a sort of dogged apathy, from which I was aroused by Toby, who had devised a plan to free us from the net in which we had become entangled.

He was laying about him lustily with his sheath-knife, lopping the canes right and left, like a reaper, and soon made quite a clearing around us. This sight reanimated me; and seizing my own knife,

I hacked and hewed away without mercy. But, alas! the farther we advanced the thicker and taller, and apparently the more interminable, the reeds became.

I began to think we were fairly snared, and had almost made up my mind that without a pair of wings we should never be able to escape from the toils, when all at once I discerned a peep of daylight through the canes on my right, and, communicating the joyful tidings to Toby, we both fell to with fresh spirit, and speedily opening a passage towards it, we found ourselves clear of perplexities, and in the near vicinity of the ridge.

After resting for a few moments we began the ascent, and after a little vigorous climbing found ourselves close to its summit. Instead, however, of walking along its ridge, where we should have been in full view of the natives in the vales beneath, and at a point where they could easily intercept us, were they so inclined, we cautiously advanced on one side, crawling on our hands and knees, and screened from observation by the grass through which we glided, much in the fashion of a couple of serpents.

After an hour employed in this

unpleasant kind of locomotion, we started to our feet again, and pursued our way boldly along the crest of the ridge.

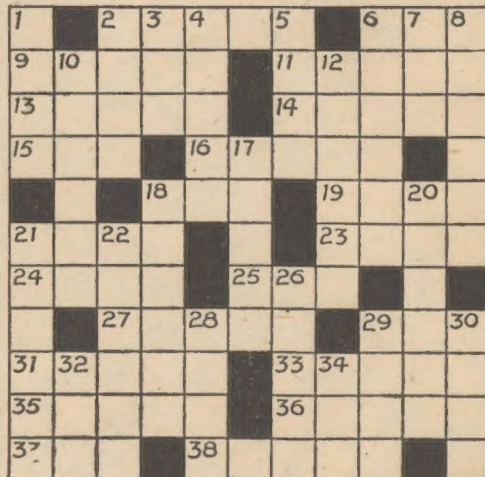
This salient spur of the lofty elevations that encompassed the bay, rose with a sharp angle from the valleys at its base, and presented, with the exception of a few steep acclivities, the appearance of a vast inclined plane, sweeping down towards the sea from the heights in the distance.

We had ascended it near the place of its termination, and at its lowest point, and now saw our route to the mountains distinctly defined along its narrow crest, which was covered with a soft carpet of verdure, and was in many parts only a few feet wide.

(Continued to-morrow)

Send your  
Stories, Jokes  
and Ideas  
to the Editor

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Column of figures.
- 8 Pile.
- 9 Brownish-yellow.
- 11 Stone-fruit.
- 13 Elegance.
- 14 Well-known.
- 15 Ship's deviation.
- 16 Deep fissure.
- 18 That.
- 19 Small duck.
- 21 Beautiful being.
- 23 Urges.
- 24 Presently.
- 25 Be mistaken.
- 27 Nimble.
- 29 Part of chair.
- 31 Appellations.
- 33 Parting word.
- 35 Unit of heat.
- 36 Estates.
- 37 Heavy.
- 38 Negro.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Old-fashioned fellow.
- 2 Dissolve.
- 3 Curve.
- 4 Smooth tree.
- 5 Girl's name.
- 6 Spice.
- 7 Copy.
- 8 Treadles.
- 10 Adject.
- 12 Duty plan.
- 17 Large Inn.
- 18 Football forward.
- 20 Con.
- 22 Wandered.
- 26 Domain.
- 28 Doctrines.
- 29 Floor covering.
- 30 Affectation.
- 32 Cry of triumph.
- 34 Fish.

SPARS HOMER  
LUG PROVIDE  
AROMA GENUS  
BIGOTS RICE  
T TEAM MAT  
WASH V PATS  
ANT PERU I  
VIEW SELDOM  
ECLAT ALONE  
RALLIED VAN  
SLAKE YIELD



## Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



"So you're Sam the store-keeper's horse, huh? Pleased to meet yer. I'm Percy the King Penguin. Between you an' me, this London Zoo ain't what it was. I'm tired of walkin' around looking for fish. How about letting me have a peek at that box back there. Just a spot of black-market stuff you know."



## TAKING IT

## LYING DOWN



"Some folk let work get them down, but not me. No, sir. Now, if you're talking about food, well that's different."



### \*BEAUTY TAKES A BREATH\*

Glamorous Evelyn Ankers, "Universal" Star in "Captive Wild Woman," takes a rest between shots. It seems a nice kind of captivity for her—and looking like this she has us in captivity right away.



## This England

The village of Lower Slaughter, Devonshire. Could anything be more serenely peaceful than this?

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Leave a drop  
for me,  
young  
'un!"

